

G.R.N.
PODCASTS
MUSINGS

2023
PART C

Greg R. Norton

AS I SIT, TO TRY AND GET A FEW
THOUGHTS DOWN, onto lasting media,
I'm impressed with how difficult it is, this
morning, to rise above the downward

weight of atmospheric pressure and gravity.

It often takes an hour or two, before I get myself to feeling awake... *with out the ones in my midst, I know I wouldn't make it far...*

I would be so swamped in the physicality of bad migraines, *and the dross of chaos and change...* in that kind of lifestyle, that I would get isolated quickly... *bad migraines would become more serious, and hard to rise up out of.* This is why I'm writing

right now, so that I'll have this to remember, and support and sustain myself within, as times now might seem more or less difficult, then I'll have these ideas to show for the time, down on paper, and

won't be so tossed about. Those in my midst don't seem affected by the inner gloom, however, so I guess that it's all in my mind. *What might be a time of moodiness or grayness can yet produce excellent writing.* For instance, my sobriety is so important to myself. If you want to think about things that would be worth crying about, I just don't have them... *I'm clean, sober, and sane* (contrasted with my twenties decade,... so I won't have much to worry myself over... so, knocking on wood, *I'll manage easily to rise above it.* Today is a weather day, however, for some, as there is a category two hurricane

coming ashore down along the Gulf coast,
so, for those people, you will want to get to
higher ground, inland. The downward
frictional force and pressing of atmosphere
biosphere and beingness has to be seen
past... my migraines are a lot worse when
weather threats are bearing down...
definitely chaos and change of any kind is
what fuels them. I guess, me being
somewhat on the downhill side of my life,
puts me more on the side of mental
phenomena, like migraines... but I'm much
happier now than I was in my twenties... I
can tolerate the exegen see... because the
quality experiences are much more

abundant... mainly in my study and quiet times, off to myself. *'A troubled soul, full of forcefulness and momentum, strives, during weather of frightening immensity, to detach, and consider placidly a simple diaphrenous whisper.'* Through considering

'goldfish eyelashes,' and carefully perceiving, I might get through the mental obstacles which bad weather sometimes is accompanied by. I find my senses enlivened by my sitting out under this sky, and in these gentle zephyrs, soaking up the peacefulness, and quietude. Where I'm at, we're not affected by this hurricane much yet... instead, our north westerlies are

bringing a few clouds over from that direction. When the southerlies mix with the colder north west jet stream, we sometimes have to deal with inland cyclones called tornados. We're always on lookout for those, when weather happens in our area. We just hope we don't have one here. At any rate, just some thoughts. So, it's later in this same day, and after dinner meal is complete, and I sit out here near where the trimmed grasses are bounded by the overgrowth, and listening to these gentle late afternoon crickets, *and with the birds, watching the sunn sink down beneath the billowing cumulonimbus, or*

precipitation bearing clouds. Getting a few little gusts of wind from the north and west, now, with the hurricane disturbance down south already affecting the Gulf coast. Our temperatures here are considerably less than yesterday, with some pleasant cool, or balmy breezes keeping it perfect for working or relaxing outside... just right in the shade. *Well, I guess, the 'artistic,' person is tasked somewhat with distilling the spiritual essence of a culture, and time, its peculiar idiosyncracies, and unforgettable traits adding up unto a definite sound, or image.* At any rate, getting myself behind this present writing,

tonight means allowing some outward chaos, then getting back into my inner mind... balancing these two, requires implementing a style of 'free form' leisure media sharing, *but only in intervals with the private media approach.* Using both in this manner gives the Good Lord a definite set of values, while allowing for flexibility and adjusting. You see, through being solid in this manner, we're following a set style, *but leaving the hard parts to God...*

dancing, outwardly, *alternatively with holding within.* At any rate, it's in how you find balance between these two, that you give the gift of your peace. *This appears*

to be the secret to endurance, and longevity. Well, the morning is getting along... we've just gotten out of bed, and breakfast is on the stove... there's an extremely dangerous category three hurricane bearing down on west Florida's big bend stretch of coast... This storm is forecast to become cat four by the time that the eye makes landfall. I'm writing right now so that I'll not forget this time, and the meaning of these types of emergencies... *the intensity and unforgettable sustained deadliness that this type of cyclone mechanism presents.* I hope, in my course of writing this article, that my reader sees

the balance necessary to let any two agree... you see, one is given outwardly, the other is fully contained within. *Successful living includes both... when a writer goes inwardly, he's giving God the reins...* this, I think, must be done intermittently to give the infinite room to operate. So right living, I think, is properly seen as two phased. ***You're not sinning, by going inward, you're giving it over to God.*** Well, these are just some thoughts, and I'm not a licensed councillor or therapist... but maybe you see the grown up importance of both. If you're in the path of the hurricane now, I trust you're in a designated shelter.

Well, all for now. I'll send this along your way now. Greg.

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There are a few things on my mind, this morning, so I'll see if I can get them down on paper. In revisiting the U F O narrative, I'm definitely drawn to the work and lectures of John E. Mack MD. *(I've meant to say, for a while, how challenging it is to really come up with meaningful contemporary parapsychological*

literature, without mentioning the work of this giant. His world, outside of our views of time, like that, must be vast, in sheer scale, and just by peering over into I can easily see how everyone is just a tiny bit, just like everyone else. But, remember, human. J E M was nothing, if not highly human in nature. If only we could know of the importance of being human, in the scheme of things. You see?) Having said this, I would mention, how, while I'm writing this, there will be on goings of vaster scale, and dimension, throughout our society, not just at the common level, but up to the highest ess shell onns of our

society... I can imagine, easily enough how the U N general council is revisiting the extra terrestrial hypothesis, revisiting some of the medicine men's accounts, from back when this discussion was so en vogue... and opening an inquiry into just what has been written and said, about the E T H since the main material, of the recent decade, has been entered into the accepted literature.

Trying to understand the way God thinks, for instance, might be foremost in ascertaining the general ley of the land, in U F Ology. There are always going to be ideosyncracies, when a youth generation is of a time, and are trying to 'find

themselves,' *while concurrently being analyzed, and cross analyzed by the elder classes.* In the act of observing, and categorizing certain phenomena, you tend to change those phenomena, altering them, and sometimes even ruining the researcher subject relationship entirely... the subject tries to please the researcher in a certain way, or tries to use the scientific attention he may or may not have gotten to further his own private aims, and enterprises... as in promoting a corporate product, or brand name. *But, whatever may have happened in the past, the 'sacred jewell,' always seems to evaporate the moment it's reached*

for, or grasped after. There is simply a divine nature in everyone, and everyone has got to be seen as being created as equals in God's eyesight. *This is spelled out, for instance by Thomas Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence.* In fact, our society reinforces certain values far ahead of self aggrandizement. For instance, devotion, self less ness, altruism, generosity, the importance of service, as in serving a client, lending a hand, or making oneself 'holy and presentable,' as being the general purpose of religiosity, and faith, in general... the importance of a 'return to innocence,' and of finding a 'calling,' or

work path, which you can gradually learn to excell at, in performing a desired function, or fulfilling a purpose, or building a product, which is useful, or seen as desired by many... *these are seen as positive values, as desired outcomes of successful socialization, and individuation.*

I may be writing this article, and trusting my intuition to get her thoughts down... *so as to afford my group, for instance, a workable game plan, for the coming Autumn, this being the start of our September...* we tend to look forward to the changing seasons, and a seasonal change is enjoyed as a 'group experience,' there's a

kind of fraternity and sorority of mankind,
and we make plans, and resolutions, for the
next years time, in general. Everyone
hopes for the best. I'm sitting here, and
enjoying these childlike remembrances,
*and can almost imagine I'm a kid at my
Grandparents house, feeling somewhat awe
inspired and impressed by the size and
permanence of Granddad's 'castle,' and at
his and Grandmamma's establishment...*
how sure I was, that it would always exist,
that I would always get to revel in the
feelings of wonder and mystery, for all
which I didn't know, but believed in. I
think, *that these are thoughts of the*

*Autumn and Winter to come... and they signal, and symbolize the central mystery, so to speak, of earth, the death, and resurrection of the seasons from Winter into the new Spring. A child is always full of wonder... all children are born into life with much of the same curiosity and amazement at the older world as children have always had. **The more things have changed, the more they have stayed the same.** The turning of the Astrological Age, is a unique time of change, which our planet is undergoing... *such an ideal time to be an esoteric writer, and to fully appreciate the mortal and spirit**

interrelationships. Our lives are enmeshed in mysteries...this becomes clearer as we age, and objectively consider the child we once were, and the afterlife unto which we all are bound. It's such a blessing to have these thoughts presently... to be swaddled in these fond remembrances, *and to think of my loved ones who've gone on before... to a place somehow outside, and above this mortal plaine.* I feel loved and accepted, me with my childhood memories, and woven documents. The writer's work is like being fully immersed in a scene, and being allowed to forget about worldly cares, and doubts, *and just viewing the*

scene, like a child at the beach, or in the toy store, or in the hobby shop, mainly experientially. Writing like this is better than these notions, and is it's own art form... a mature pleasure, to be sure. Most of what I enjoy has something to do with nostalgia, as I seem to enjoy looking at things which my ancestors may have looked at. Finding myself in with this mix, might come easily relational to the uniqueness of my own styles, and media.

But, through a form of 'living in the past,' I usually lose sight of my own time, and circumstance. *So there's this need to live more in the future.* But, to have an

ancestral subtext to your life is to be able to predict the future, especially as our present work is more classic, and timeless. I've thought this way many times before in my writer's life. I think, that the information tools, and devices, and media which my life is somewhat built around, are the product of our system, our capitalist system. *The main designs, and concepts have come from our own shores.* I think it's important to recognize, also, how these ideas have been elaborated upon so extensively, by some of the other countries... but I think, that the Americas have given the world many many

advances... *such that you might would
suspect that the Emerald Tablets
themselves are stored somewhere upon
these*

*North American and South American
continents.* This would explain how
quickly our society has grown by leaps and
bounds, since we first came here. Maybe
the periodic great deluges, which flood the
sea beds, each time, leave us somewhat
amnesiac, forgetful of who and what we
were before. As a western civilization, we
seem to rise, a ways, then arch over, and
make another descent. *We're surely in our
ascent, now, and just who knows for how*

long we can go on, rising ever higher.

Maybe quite a ways, if we remain firmly rooted upon the Earth, as we travel higher, and farther out. These essays, for instance come to me, as my mind gets to thinking, and wishes to write the thoughts out, to get them down. *This type of thing, is a*

spiritual endeavor... we're painting a picture, we're drawing a diagram. We're using aesthetics, and ideals, and classical values to guide us in the weaving of tapestries. Our walls are covered with them... *with what our eyes have seen, expressed into an external medium, like paper, or cloth canvas, or audio*

recordings. Well, just some thoughts. If you can just get your orientation, and learn of the compass points, through a course of writing, *then this must be what this is.* If another outside soul benefits as well, then that's a product, or a service... especially if you're assisting in the enlightenment of developing minds. This is reason enough to keep this path up. *Sometimes I wipe myself out, thinking of my own fleshly limitations, and inn adequacies... so I have learned to see the glass as half full.* Any light, whatsoever might be the right light, which shows the way, for a lost soul. You never know. At any rate.

It's the first of September, and it's mild and blustery. The sky has gotten cloudy, with southerlies, in the wake of a hurricane, pushing scattered precipitation up through our state. But, the next week is expected to be sunny, almost all the way. I'm sitting here on this bed, and it's almost our lunch time. Even if you don't have much time before a meeting, you can still get thoughts down on paper. Well, I have enjoyed putting these thoughts out, like this, and I hope that you have benefited from them. I guess that I'll add these thoughts in with the others, and send them along your way now. All for now, Greg.

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'The nasal septum parts the air in front of your face into two streams, right and left.

This piece of cartilage between then provides a continuous data stream of psychic information, which you should always stay conscious of. *How does the air want to react unto being parted in this way?'*

This is a good meditation, to find, in dealing with persistent migraines. You won't be any more 'tuned in,' *than when you're following your nose, like this.* It might be helpful to think of the air in front of your face *as being a conscious presence,* a component of whatever you're having to contend with in your life right now.

Breathing in, involves amicably parting, the air just in front of your face, into right and left. When you 'block off' this information stream, you feel a dull kind of disconnect, *in the form of a mental discomfort,* felt in the middle of your face.

You won't want to let this pain and

discomfort interfere with your happiness.

So, you'll try to keep this nasal part foremost in your consciousness? You can get past pain of this nature if you try. Well, at any rate, these are a few thoughts, in fact the first thoughts which come to mind, this morning. I think, in my life, I somewhat began my inner voyage, around my age nineteen... as I began to detach from the mundane reality all around me, and go out upon the surfaces of the trans personal ocean. It's no wonder, that I dropped out of college, within six months, and fell into self medicating, with whatever I thought would help with my inner difficulties...

(I'm certainly not a licensed councilor or therapist, not a psychiatrist either.) I've lived in group homes, boarding homes, and foster homes since two thousand and three.

This is not to say, that the time has been squandered... quite the opposite. In my life, I don't get much affirmation, or encouragement, from my counselors, or therapists, *largely because of my independence, in my group...* I stay to my self. *But, I do get the crucial acknowledgment, anyone would need, when the occasion seems to manifest.* But, most of my time, I keep to myself, and stay back in my study corner, rather than trying to

win at the social contests in this group home, at all. *At best, a group home is nourishment, and companionship, and fellowship,* but my social aptitude is more directed inwardly, most days, so I never seem to make any real progress, in fulfilling, or answering to *others' expectations,* around this home. I'm definitely not a '*people pleaser,*' but outside of this home, I definitely enjoy the writer, or musician, or artist relationship with the anonymous readers I've garnered here and there, in cyberspace. This is all the affirmation I need, to be frank, and I appreciate these silent associates. I would

say that the best thing I would hope for, in the day to day living here, would just be for a calm, and peaceful home environment... *and for the most part, we do enjoy this type of home.* The very good daily medication administration, as well as our cooks, our meals, which we are given, and snacks, and, maybe most importantly, *plenty of free time, to build and direct our lives unto ourselves...* for these reasons, I find maybe more happiness, at a home such as this one, as I've ever found, since childhood. But I don't always show my appreciation. In a way, my housemates have to be 'mind readers...' but this means,

they have to see around my occasional
emotional turbulence. I don't mean
outwardly, but in ways no one would see...
I sometimes will find something to wrangle
over, in my mind, *although there's clearly
nothing the matter exoterically*... I dream
up diss agreements, which don't have any
solidity, whatsoever, and my good spirit
guides, serve as mediators, and negotiators,
when I can't always seem to let go of
resenty ments... *the good heavenly choir,
within can smooth any disagreements out,
in trust, and assurance, and faithfulness.*
And, then, everyone agrees, there's simply
nothing worth arguing, or disagreeing

about. I'm not sure quite why I have to deal with this. I think, it might be because,

I just get to thinking that maybe I'm the one in charge, here, and the manager takes it upon herself to disprove this assumption.

But, the free time which we enjoy in among our daily meetings, speaking for myself, *allows me to find complete emotional resolution, even when resentments, and frustrations seem to mount up.* Because, mainly, of my talent and aptitude at the piano. Expressing my frustrations, and resentments... *through music, and the way of my musical instrument, just suffices entirely to 'get back at,' those*

pesky devils which just seem to hold, and sometimes maintain differences... I can give myself a new piano album, and then, I would be the last person who would want to argue with anyone. I give myself 'presents of mind,' and appreciate the peace this brings to my mind, almost monthly. But this takes effort, so I'll summon it, and do that. At any rate, we have definitely been given a beautiful, mild morning, and I myself am glad and relieved to have this writing coming along so well... there shouldn't be anything for myself to complain about, so those ill spirits can go ahead and get behind me, (to use the old

expression,) for I don't want any part of
their schemes. At any rate, our clouds
today are all high, stratospheric wisps, and
lots of them. Reminds me of a lot of floss
candy at the beach... endless fun. At any
rate, I'm someone who was raised in a
Bible based home, and didn't really attempt
to come to terms with some of my ways
which I developed along with my loss of
innocence, as a youth... *the substances I*
put in my body, I felt, were just 'part of
who I am.' In some ways, I still deal with
this, in my caffeine, and nicotine, and sugar
use. *But, today, I know that I have these*
three problems, and therefore have to think

strategically... if only to avoid being duped, and done over, by my own emotions.

There's something I looked at last week, which I think bears restating... there's this little list, in our society, especially in Christianity, called the '*7 Deadly Sins.*' Do you want to know what is first on this list of things to beware of? I'll tell you, it's '*Pride.*' Second on this list is '*Greed.*'

Others are '*Wrath,*', '*Envy,*' '*Lust,*' '*Gluttony,*' and '*Sloth.*' These are all thought of as being abuses, or excesses of our natural faculties, and natural human passions. So, we're only Human, but, as such have natural faculties, and passions,

which the 'Sinner,' the subject of the Christian New Testament, tends to 'over do,' and 'abuse,' and take to extremes. These '7 Deadly Sins,' I'm such a classic example of a Sinner. You might have thought that religion wasn't for you? Or that it couldn't possibly understand, or speak to your unique life situation, and problems? So, that's the Christian faith, right there, in a nut shell... societal virtues, and guidelines, and extensive 'science,' of 'things to avoid.' It's thought that if you're strong in your Christian beliefs, and faith, *then the Devil won't have much power over you, and you'll meet success throughout*

your life. I think, that this is religions' main purpose... the furtherance of social virtues, and values which promote prosperity, longevity, good health, and security, and intellectual richness.

(righteousness,) *These later two, have especially been emphasized by me before, especially in my earlier books.* Well, it just seems *that there are such storms which rage, such that I want to get at the root causes which these storms use as their excuses for being... as excuses for plaguing Mankind, and being a general nuisance.*

Well, I hope you can see through this article, *that meterological storms are just*

about my main concerns, as we haven't natural enemies, otherwise. These storms sometimes come too close, and cause me to seek to be the most righteous person I know how to be... so that they won't hurt us, or happen in our neighborhood. So, this is why I mention these deadly sins, and I hope that more and more people will *through this 'see the light,' and abandon the sinking boat of 'gross sensuality,' and instead focus on ensuring our societies' security and well being.* Perhaps it's true, that one like me is better off, for the wanderings of my youth... this may be true, but those life 'experiences,' *comprise just*

about the entire list of 'things to avoid,' for my own self... I know, (by experience, in many cases,) a whole lot of things 'not to do.' Why couldn't I have taken these things on faith, and stayed out of trouble? I think, because of this writers voice... *I had to find out so much 'first hand.'* **(Just don't take my word for it, strictly, because I'm not a licensed councilor or therapist...)** Well, at any rate, I hope you've seen, how much I don't like my 'great literary establishment' to be insulted, or crossed over, by the unthinking, *who are uncaring of my sensitivities...* but, group home living, has shown me that this is just a part of life...

not everyone is on the same page, or even the same book... *some are lost, and some are more found than others are...* this is precisely what makes life interesting, this diversity of style, and nature. Life has taught me this, also... *'A sunset isn't very pretty... just a white hot orb sinking beneath the horizon line... unless, and until there are beautiful clouds, between you and it... the clouds lend the scene its depth, and texture, and color.'* See? Well, I'll wrap this writing up, and add in with the others. All for now, Greg.

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Peering within the surfaces of my empty page, now, *my trusted familiar appears to be full of insight and illumination.* I think as well, of how my rhythmic breathing, in and out, at my nostrils, *appears to part the conscious air in front of myself,* parting it into two streams, and into my lungs, and back out again. This visual I sation has been helpful, this past week, and I've, through it, somewhat found a 'haunt' which I had lost sight of years ago... *I'm more in touch with childhood innocence than I have*

been in quite a while, to be sure. At any rate, today seems like a nice day, to try some jazz thought... as I feel pretty verbose, and it might be something I could put on paper. Most anyone can agree on a good thing, when they see one. Today is the last part of the first week in September, this year, and I realize, I'm getting older. I've got two aging parents, who, I imagine, are really feeling the effects of getting older. I've recently come unto the insight, of how we should really see our mortal years on Earth... 'The glass is half full.' In other words, mortal life here *is just a chrysalis*, a temporal phase, like an

introductory period, before we get on to much better things. If you think about it, this way of seeing, the 'Glass half full,' just solves all of my worldly woe, and gloom. My Grand parents had in their house, and it's now in my parents house, a little wall plaque which reads, '*Earth has no sorrow, which Heaven cannot cure.*' Isn't this just about a perfect piece of advice? Well, I'm putting a few words into this word processor screen, and then I'll get quiet, and drop off to sleep. *I hope to wake in a few hours, before dawn, and get some piano playing in.* **'God is like the air that I breathe.'** Especially this sense is found,

when my consciousness rests at my nasal septum. This will be my 'peak experience' meditation. So, Earth is our home planet...

aren't we individually all Star Seeds, and we're in the cradle of our birth? But we'll

one day have our perspective expanded enormously, and get on to other things.

Some of us may have been given to life on Earth, for the gradual lessons this affords...

when we've acquired the lessons, we might expand to farther horizons. *Whatever is*

your unique calling, that's what you do. At

any rate, it's a beautiful sunny Thursday afternoon, so pleasant in the shade. I sit outside and listening to this data cd player,

and writing these words presently. *The breezes are making the trees sway majestically, and I notice that the leaves are tending toward a golden hue, on most of the deciduous trees.* These are contrasted by the conifers which are dark green. Our yard is neatly trimmed, and someone has brought some watermelons, which are sitting atop the picnic tables under the trees. We've already been so blessed by the incredible fruits of some local fields... as we've had lots of okra, tomatoes, and now watermelon brought in by the families of the residents. I don't mean a little okra, but a lot... a bushel or

more, the past two months... and upward of twenty full size watermelon! So, we're very blessed... that's just that much money we've saved. Well, now you know. I've returned back into my study corner, now, and will try and write a few words here before supper. One of the local ladies has the ability to do fine knotted crocheting.

One Christmas, well, on three or four Christmases, she has made these fine, knotted Angels, for us to keep, and to use as decorations for the indoor trees. Each one, is a marvel, for all of the exactitude, and detail work, Angels, with delicately knotted feathers on each wing, and a wide

fan robe, all patterns, on the feathering, precisely measured, so each little pattern is repeated precisely, and in set number. She starched these little creations, so that they stand up, when leaned against a picture frame, or suspended from our tree. These Angel ornaments, these past seven years or so, seem to symbolize the ones we've lost... four or more elderly residents have gone beyond our home, since I've been here. Especially, we've lost our main benefactors, who owned and ran this home for thirty years before I came. As I am just writing, *this matter of physical death or decay has haunted peoples since time immemorial.*

And, the older I get, the more I come to see
the time on Earth as just a little
time in the 'nursery,' or the 'cradle,' *and a
much broader time, outside of our time,
awaits beyond.* The sensitive part, is in the
Heavenly inhabitants, and, especially in
how the survivors of death must, in order to
maintain order, keep the memory of the
departed in a certain cloister, so to speak,
*so as not to in any way downplay the
mortal concerns, which remain for those
who must carry on... but to uniformly
support values of life, and not, of death.*
And, we all seem to put this life centered
divine purpose on high, and not to

contradict it. See? Some of the Mysteries of the Afterlife, will grow clearer, and seem to crystalize, for us, in time, if we are patient, and genuinely wish to know the truth. At least, this is what I've been shown. *I hope, it suffices to show the grown up concerns, and not to downplay them.* What do you think? At any rate. Maybe I'm foolish right off the start, for thinking I can speak, of God's most sacred mysteries. Because my words, you can probably see, or hear, clatter like stone chimes. *Unlike the brilliant clear peals of the Church bells.* I think, that I was just trying to give the reader an idea, of the

ranges of sentiments, my mind has, today, about this most central mystery. If it leads me in a strong positive direction, then it's not all bad. Presently, I'm simply reading my newest piano soundscape, sonically.

These are always quite fun, at the start, knock on wood. There's no better instrument for expressing a wide breadth of emotions, in music, than the solo grand piano. I'm always amazed, at how a set of new performances can open even a closed mind, with wonder, and amazement, of the 'world made new,' through instrumental piano. I would prefer the role of expressive pianist, over so many others...

who else gets to be so intimately moved by the spiritual powers, *as to produce a sound scape which has restorative powers, and which leads so universally?* Instrumental music is a language, which people from any part of the world can appreciate more or less equally... equal benefit... *and I find this enormously appealing.* And it's a big responsibility, to keep oneself holy, and presentable. Well, just some thoughts.

This article is winding down, as the afternoon's blustery ness is blending into a still, calm nightfall. I'll finish this up, and add it in with the others. All for now,

Greg.

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In bringing my mind to bear, upon this word processor screen this morning, I'm somewhat impressed with how, things in our world do appear to be such 'of a certain way,' such that you might think that your own ideas would work just as well? I've been shown, how we all have our own unique causes, and reasons for being in the life situations where we find ourselves...

just as you have your own, so they have their own. *Each is unique, and has their own unique challenges.* At least this is the way that it appears, to me. It might would be easy to think, well, couldn't this or that person just take the course my life took, and eventually meet the goals I myself have? But, I think that, then, *I 'Wouldn't even know what I'm asking!'* You see, a recovered life, for instance, like mine, spent so many years outside of God's love, and affection... *and this is something, a condition you would never wish to bring on, or encourage.* We make art, in a mode of *'lemonade from lemons...'* not just from

nothing. The devil has played his cards already... *see, and this would not ever be anything that you would want to 'call in,' or requisite. In fact, just the opposite!* We

should hold on for all we've got, to the good structures, and methods which we've inherited from our parents... *no one should ever just 'let go,' and just spiral off into the void.* Keep holding on, through thick and thin. The matter comes, however, when the

world has played it's cards already, and you're stuck with a certain outcome, *and your work, then involves gradually learning to adapt, and then eventually to soar above those troubles,* and this is your

art form. There's a difference between an art of 'recovering,' *and the kinds of 'misleading,' and 'misdirecting' which servants of death partake of.* This is so true. In growing out of childhood, so many factors will shape a life... I'm a believer, that it is a mixture of both the '**nurture,**' or the influences and guidance we show young people, and the '**nature,**' or the hereditary factors from which we all are derived... for instance, having unique Great grand parents, Grand parents, and birth parents... *each with unique aptitudes, and approaches...* wins and losses... worries, and stressors, and the ways they dealt with

them... certain ones pursue medicine, like mind altering, or mood enhancing drugs... alcohol, and nicotine are two of the most well known, and widely abused drugs in the world. *Others go 'by the book,' and are gifted of an easier time.* Alcohol is a depressant, and nicotine is a stimulant. Caffeine is a stimulant. Others are more concerned with matters of faith, *but will allow caffeine.* Some people will have already learned by experience how difficult it is to live with these, (and not others, for instance,) or, knowing to thereby keep to your own self respect... *and not allowing yourself to be compromised by bad*

influences. (These comprise the worldly classes. Otherwise the highly graceful know by instincts to stay clean. The bad influences, I think, are only detrimental, if the person lacks sufficient grace, *or else lacks wisdom, or knowledge to know the difference. Both might be examples of hereditary influences, like autism, or chemical imbalances.*) These are tough predicaments which some guys get themselves into. Some people feel they have to learn first hand. The Bible tells us how, *it is 'better to have a mill stone tied around ones neck and be thrown in the sea, than to cause a young person to stumble.'*

(But isn't this all in the game of telling stories, and yarns, in general? A person's stories might be entertaining, but some of the places he or she might have been, in the past, otherwise, past life associates, are questionable. Because, the more people who read those stories, the more those difficult pasts get blended around, among the younger, *and the youth, it would be feared, tend to absorb, or adopt such ways.*) **A recovery path, is one which came through some bad experiences, in the past, and got out alive.** At best, these people want to make a 'clean break,' and start anew, if we've lived with addiction, or

substance abuse. My own artistic path, is a recovery path, and that's just how it is. *I can't help the past, but some things I can help, and so I do that.* Only God can change a heart. Not a mortal. Look at it like this... ask yourself, **'In terms of comparative Quality, what paths in life do I wish to follow?'** If you believe in putting your mind and hands, and good artist's eye to work, and you want to 'have something to show for the time,' at the end of the day, then this is what you will do. If you're more interested in the fellowship, for it's own sake, then you'll do this. If you're in search of an alcoholic stupor, on

the other hand, then you'll do that. We choose our paths in life, and it helps to know precisely 'What do I want?' and 'How can I easily accomplish it?' 'How can I keep out of trouble, in the meanwhile?' At any rate, you see how the grown up discussion tends to go. *You have to stay out of trouble... your influence always goes before you, and you learn of it only secondarily.* Remember this: *God changes hearts, not man.* A carefully walked kind of literary path, which has already, for the most part, been through the troubles which excessive speech, or wrong speaking, can bring, will know to stay close, and stay on

the conservative side. *His or hers is a great gift.* When we know, that the objective isn't always to change lives, *(that's God's work,)* but to develop equity, *(a good product,)* then the journey is accomplished already. *This, then is the answer to the 'hyppo cracy,' and to the conundrum of how words are 'easy to say,' but 'hard to do.'* I think this is true, and, just when the 'societal light bulb' tries to get into your freedom of speech, you'll know, then that you had better watch what you say. So I'm telling myself. If you're doing good, then great. *You might know already how to 'hold the highest ground,'*

then you'll see things similarly. Well it's a warm, but not hot, hazy September morning, and I'm enjoying the sense of both leading the moment, and following along, as well. It helps myself to have beliefs set, and to know what they are.

Theosophy will be a bit different, especially if yours is a recovery path.

Theosophy tends to be inter faith, rather than one set belief. *The printed word, itself, might be the biggest New Advent of the Lord's work on Earth... finding how God thinks, to me is the biggest part of my writing, other than having something to show for the time. And not letting*

substances or addiction come in between...
that's a recovery path. And just developing
in the printed word, and audio visual
media. At any rate, I definitely enjoy
having this smart device's word processor,
*and just being able to jot down whatever
thoughts that come, indoors or outdoors,
this is nice.* In the past, you would take
your typewriter and some paper out into the
garden, and let this be your art. Now, your
work media is directly copied on to your
finished document, and the internet is the
middle man. *But the writer does it all,
using his hand held device, and desktop. So
the individual is fully empowered, it*

appears to me. If you desire to write and publish, then you just do that. If you want fellowship, then do that. But, my question is, *'What do you fall back upon, when your social graces have failed you?'* Or, when you realize that you've got an addiction problem? Hence, you've got our social welfare programs. This is America. And, as such, one of the strongest countries in the world, *but there are so many temptations, and spiritually 'broken roads.'* It just helps to know the difference, and to be able to spot the signs. *But, if you use nicotine, or caffeine, aren't you tending to stay 'in the red?'* *Doesn't this seem to*

explain why? Mother nature knows better than to willingly weaken herself... she doesn't have it, and she won't have it. I think we just, some of us, count it as a necessary evil... just how we're spending our money these days... things not likely to go away... but they can be lessened and diminished. Well, these have been a few thoughts. I'll put them in with the others.

All for now, Greg.

~

IN THINKING ABOUT THE

BEGINNINGS, for this part two, of this part cee, twenty twenty three audio book, now, *I'm given to remember the past, so as not to repeat it.* I'm especially drawn back, in time, to the ancient bluesy pain and discomfort, *of a time of mental illness, in my formative years.* I'm trying to remember the long nights, and very long days, of my twenties decade, back in the nineteen nineties. I had gotten some recording studio time, back in the early nineteen nineties, and made a set of, I don't know, about eight or ten, piano improvisations based on some of my favorite standards.

Such was my first venture into professional quality recording of myself. I don't think there is any sorrow in my present life, which can come close, to the terrible blues, which I commenced to have through seven years of this decade. Whether it started, from some mistake I had inadvertently made, or as a kind of 'indoctrination,' into the spiritual mysteries... I had deep pain, and felt that I couldn't breathe a word of it to anyone, and so I suffered alone. But, I would seek out winos, and drinkers of every societal station, and help them drink their lives away. There's not much I can call it, except pain. Many many days were

just interminable, *and the extreme heat and cold swamped, and clobbered me, and there was really no escape.* I could have told my doctor, *and he might would have prescribed me a ritalin, or adderall program,* but I made do with the stinky, smelly pills for 'alertness,' which you could buy at the corner stores, in those years. *I took a lot of pills.* The point I'm making, is that, if you look at me, you see a pretty standard guy, outwardly. But, inwardly, I was a hopeless junkie for a long time. I went to jail two, or three times, for such crimes as petty theft, of pills like Tylenol, and bouncing checks intentionally. *The*

*longest I spent in jail, was one solid
December, in nineteen ninety four, and
Christmas in jail. But, those were
definitely different times. The pain of
being, most days, was so bleak, and just
deep blues entirely claimed me, for long
stretches. I finally, in January of nineteen
ninety eight tried to end it all, and found
myself in the recovery ward, in the local
hospital. I looked around, and found I was
stitched up, but the extreme pain and angst,
the wrenching feeling, was entirely gone.
And, it has never returned, to this very day.*

So if you hear that deep blue, like cobalt
sound in my music from nineteen ninety

nine and two thousand, you understand, then from whence it came. Back then, that music sounded, to me, *like the sweetest thing I had ever heard*. I still love it. Just an example of a deep time, and sound, both in itself, *and in the life experiences that shaped it, the blues*. Anyway, I've tried to tell it right, but not to come across as a victim. *I think that Aristotle wrote of the Prime Mover, that inescapable outside force, which can't be cured, or turned back, which forms some guys' experience for a space of time, in their twenties...* I believe that these struggles are, lastly the work of a loving God, and, that *'that which doesn't*

kill you, makes you stronger,' which is one of my favorite sayings. Such amounts to *'dues paid,'* and **builds Grace**. Well just some thoughts. I'll move this article along, and see what else arises. We've got a beautiful, breezy, and warm September afternoon, and have just finished lunch, and I came back to my room, and got to some more writing. Through the windows of this room, I can see the low, white cloud puffs drifting by, and remember we're up a bit, here... *one thousand and one hundred feet in altitude, by an altimeter on my phone.*

I'll tell you, I spend most every day in avoidance of the migraines which I tend to

see around every corner. This keeps me moving, *and sometimes I sit in regret, for some thoughtless little thing I might have done, or said.* But there's almost nothing better than being completely immersed in a writing session... and being on the crest of the unfolding moment, like that... this puts my writing ahead, and, if I'm focusing one hundred percent, I can finish an article in a day. *Then, I'll have something to show for the time, and to share.* At any rate, I have many many memories, of the years spent just hanging out, and self medicating, and drinking... *I got accepted, by the wino community, in the south side of my town,*

and I was taken to the abandoned buildings, in that neighborhood... which I had seen, before, but not really noticed.

These places became haunts to explore, and I got to know again the feelings of butterflies, in my stomach, which this kind of escapade can bring up. *But, mostly, my parents made sure, that I had a roof over my head.* I only spent one night in an abandoned building, that wasn't my home, before my Dad somewhat telepathically looked me up, and took me to help me find an apartment. *(We didn't have cell phones, back then,)* I kept apartments, using the small income, which my disability status

entitled me unto. I only wish, I could have just lived, and stayed away from the alcohol, and other pills, *but I had a spiritual pain, like a thorn in my side, which had to 'run it's course.'* Now, since two thousand and three, I've lived entirely in group, foster, and boarding homes, and haven't had a drop of alcohol since back then. (Or any other pill that changes the way I feel, physically, except for a few times with asprin in the first decade of the century.) At any rate, it's good to get these ideas down, and allow my mind to drift into these lands, *if only for my nostalgic sensibility to be placated, and mulled over.*

Well, it looks like rain, here, but is only twenty percent likely. It might be best to get back inside, though, for I can smell and hear it now. So, it's another afternoon here, *and I'm enjoying a podcaster's streaming show, and finally finding the gist of the day.* This is what it's all about. At any rate, I'm more captivated by this online media, than I've been in years... I'll try maybe tomorrow to download the files. Well, our sun's trying to come back out, now, and I'm back inside, and sitting on this bed, *with my feet cozily under the blanket out in front of me.* I'm repeating to myself, how my *'language and speech*

center has lateral apperatures,' and this is helping me to diminish this migraine. I think that this is pointing unto the eustacian tubes, which connect the inner ears, laterally in unto the sides of the back of my throat, around my jaw hinge. These eustacian tubes are crucial as in when you go down a hill in a car, and have to stabilize the air pressure between the inner ears, and the lower altitude higher air pressure. See? I have wondered endlessly about this phenomenon, and now, that I see such written out, I can rest assured... that's it. At any way, I hope you see how writing thoughts out, is often therapeutic, as, you

can see, having covered ground, so to speak, in contact with a spiritual presence outside yourself, the good lessons of the thinking, or writing take better hold, and are more beneficial. Telling someone, has been helpful, throughout the writing of this journal, over more than twenty years, of journaling. At any rate, I'll wrap this writing up, and add in with the others. *I appreciate my readers, and feel like my thoughts usually go out unto good homes, in general.* Well, all for now, Greg.

Having gotten a good start to this part two in place, yesterday, I'm quite glad to move it onward, with another article today. I was so glad to have had a peaceful time yesterday... *definitely better than the traumatized, shaky, faltering way I used to find remembrance days, like yesterday to be.* In so many ways, I've grown up, and into a much more healthy and sane disabled persons' outlook. I was glad to get the writing, even if it was a trip back in time. I thought my reader might like to see just

how far I've come. (*and to see some vindication, so to speak, for the blues in general, for those who play them, or who for whatever reason are having to live them.*) So, you see my human side... my

humble beginnings are offered as an example of what modern medicine, and therapeutic practices can do, *to salvage a life torn by addiction, and codependency.*

At any rate, I sit and write. I'm pretty happy with my newest piano project, '*Purely Piano.*' I feel that it's an example, of the kind of album I once only dreamed about... *a mixture of jazzy improvisation, and evocative melodic tunefulness.* It's

always great when you can realize the album that the world wants to hear, and offer it to anyone, for no money. *But, it's a sort of impressionistic painting, a wash of color, and texture, lights, and dark, and lyrical, melodic licks, and pure beauty, are its two main structural elements.* Well, it's

a little over a week, now, until the beginning of Autumn, this year... and I'm mentally preparing myself, and setting out my winter clothes... seeing the nice, and toasty warm side to winter is better than the loathsome dread, which you can find, as rain type weather mixes with genuine cold... *we know, that this is what the heart*

of winter is about, but, as animals have their nests, and dens, we have our indoors, and our air conditioning has operated pretty reliably through the broiling summer days, already, with no sign of breaking down. As

the sun begins to climb, now almost at middle morning, I'm finding that my musical weaknesses, my tendencies toward the water color washes, and pastoral scenics, are, to many others, desirable qualities. But, a truly progressive keyboard player can spot my anemic aptitude... I do what I do, somewhat off of the top of my head, and the rhythmic recitation of complex chordal progressions,

and figures never enter my mind... my
playing is made up, spur of the moment.
But, this does have its good qualities. You
get to capture, just what is right at the
leading boundary of the day and time, and
therefore, somewhat grow to, in the eyes of
some, represent and stand for that time. Of
course, *if the time was more fraught with*
trouble, then this sometimes ruins the artist
experience. But, in my humble opinion,
the craziness of global culture has always
been at play, we just, today, have
instantaneous knowledge of anything and
everything that happens, from hour to
hour... *often, we're disgusted, by events on*

*the far side of the globe, and let ourselves
get distracted, rather than being happy
with what we have got in our own
neighborhood...* our good trades people,
and the stable political scene... we
shouldn't take this good for granted. At
any rate, you can see my thinking. Well,
sitting outside in the shade of this out
building, I can appreciate... this weather
presently is really nice, right now. I'm glad
to have this article coming along so well
and expect to continue building it into the
afternoon. I will definitely be glad to get
some time away, this coming weekend, to
get to my parents house, where we'll enjoy

fellowship, and quiet times, that are hard to come by, in this local scene... *as a change always does me good, and I come back feeling completely refreshed and invigorated, for a new time.* At any rate, it is sure good to have a strong vocabulary, and, this smart device is like a supercomputer that fits in the palm of my hand... being conscious of these blessings, is really the key to enlightened writing, for myself... it is so good to be able to really tell it right, *in a time when it's so challenging for professional peoples to find much to agree upon.* You might not be conscious of the division in our society,

until young and old get together... it's not an easy time, *as young people are learning to be mature, and old people are increasingly child like.* Generational differences like these usually make my life hard, *as people have different ways.* But, getting together with my parents is usually pretty restorative. As I'm inputting these thoughts I'm mulling over possible directions in which to take this writing. I've long been a fan of literature which appears to epitomize the time, or which seems to symbolize the most which one individual alone can do, to lift spirits, and stand for positive social change. When I

find something which appears to do this, I tend to want to emulate it, in my own way.

My teenage years, were largely spent in this manner, as I was hugely inspired by someone in show business, and strove, and strove to imitate the effects that he had gotten. I stayed inspired in this way, after I had gotten out of my parents nest, but never found the artistic success which I needed, until in nineteen ninety six, and seven, as I began to be given, through sikh kick automatism, some poetry, which I felt suggested a power much greater than my own self alone, somewhere invisibly within my own soul. I said to myself, well this

must be space aliens, or something, which
has touched my writers hand, and given
such profound works. I simply didn't know
from whence they had come, *but, I felt that
they were new, or at least new to me, and
suddenly, I was a believer.* I became
impressed, with a new sense of personal
power... *and had a keen sense, then that
great artistic, and literary potential resides
within myself... I only had to conjure it
forth, through force of will.* Gradually,
then I began entraining my mind spirit
relationship, and learning of the ways of
this spirit presence, and how to cultivate
upwellings of substantive literary power,

and beingness. *So began my writers course.* I soon found that the same method could be used to bring forth musical expression, and, lo and behold, an art was born. So, but my life had been so mired, in defeat, and disgrace for so long, that I wasn't able to contain the power, successfully for long, and a greater force than I rose up within myself, and said, in effect, *'Greg, you're an chronic addict... and so, clean up your act!'* But, I survived this brutal fall, and after one false start, in trying to live on my own, in nineteen ninety nine through two thousand and three, I entered into group home living, and

now work, and develop my media, from within a healthier context, such as this one.

When my course runs aground, or I feel particularly disappointed in myself, there will be this strong spiritual beingness, from adjacent unto my existence, which 'takes the reins,' *and somewhat manually puts me and my writers' course back on track.*

Even now, I am practically in awe of this presence. The lesson, of this seems to sound like a Bible verse, namely, '*God is greater than any problem I might ever have.*' And, so, there it is. *The best that I can do, on my own, doesn't amount to much, seen in context with what God can*

do, through me. At any rate, you get the idea. Today, I'm something of a follower of the Animistic beliefs, and tend to see the ancestral powers, within any life, to be far greater, than mortal abilities, alone, *and only by getting in step with these Ancestors, is one guided into a better life path, and course.* So, when you wish a person to come up, unto your standards, or expectations, you might should speak directly unto the Spirits around that life, rather than the person alone. *Because such God is sufficient, and harmoniously can take the person higher, to a place of dignity, and power. 'Our fear is not to be*

powerless, but to be powerful, beyond all imagining.' I believe this, still today. At

any rate, I hope you've seen something through this writing, and mostly, that you'll

yourself be inspired to 'inquire of the beyond,' as well as to 'look within,' for the light within the human soul, these inner abilities, *can uplift the life into dreams unimagined... just by my own example, you'll see the Lords power so completely.*

At any rate, I'll wrap these ideas up, and send them along your way now. All for

now, Greg.

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In my life, at least, one of the biggest parts of the things I like, relate unto, and try to do, *is the nurturance of youthful potentialities... the artistic impetus.* This is just the better part of our university and college scene, *and I think it comes into play often in adult society, in general as well,* as timelines, relationships, and inspirations, and such things as usable free time, or availability of instruments, and tools... spiritual potentialities, and latencies... *these sorts of flows, and*

progressions, are continually surging throughout human society... trying to find outlet... not just in the university or college. If the spirit of rightness is present, in an idea, or a choice, of path, then it would seem more practical to do that. *My own influence, and sway over formative paths is only so strong.* Even a grown up sometimes emanates signals which suggest he or she might be '*ingressant*,' he or she may be courting, or negotiating for himself, *an gradually acquired talent, or skill, or ability...* like proficiency in visual artistry, or the writers' type ambitions, or proficiency at a musical instrument... *and,*

through which Spirit enters the life.

Sometimes, I just feel that I just can't comprehend, someone... because the 'inverse opposite,' directional trends have excessive power over the grown person's character... *he or she is just not quite all there... his mind has him cloistered, within mediocrity...* in other words, he or she hasn't actually gotten a visual on the invisible people, but does appear to be emanating those signals... he's open to spiritual possibilities, and potentials. *But, the atmospheric pressure, and byzantine tendencies, at the surface level point to the apparent reality of the fact that the person*

is a little blocked... or held up at the threshold, of spiritual, mystical consciousness... he or she could do very good, in partnership with space people, but, he just has too much past life trouble, for instance. (I'm not a licensed councillor or therapist, either,) This persons life, might could be made to work out, with spatio spiritual consciousness, it's just that the old peoples' minds are in doubt, *and, so he never makes the leap into spatio spiritual consciousness.* I have heard it said, that the bottom twelve percent of our modern society is schizophrenic. This minority effectually gives the Good Lord a

kind of a thinking and dreaming collective,
wherein light echoes around and reflects
endlessly, and people kind of stay in a
mode of brainstorming, and really looking
at fringe issues. So, you see, that among
this bottom twelve percent, there might be
only a fraction of those which, say, know
how to type, or how to work with
computers, or have proficiency at a musical
instrument... or, know what to do with a
paint brush, and paints, or pen or stylus.
So these are just some types of ways of how
'people watch the signs.' Here's something:
Certain kinds of life changes and
advancements, might simply require a

person's having full control over his or her environment, and total privacy. I know, that I myself was allowed into the loop, so to speak, into the conversation, *but this was an awesome shift, for myself, and my life required this 'full privacy' mode.*

Entering into consciousness of the encompassing life and spirit fabric *was for myself just such a magical, and profound development...* having been kept just outside of consciousness of the invisible ongoing... when I *was* allowed in was simply just a great day, for myself, in my personal scheme of things. *Because only then, could any further development,*

sociologically, take place. Gradually learning the 'ways of spirit,' in general, *(while being something of a 'remembering,')* was still uniquely special, and unique, in my own views of things, *a new awakening... such could only really begin in privacy.* Given ten years of this, however, I was completely good with the thought of getting in a group home. There was just such a treasury of literature within, and I needed my space, and time, and a decade to learn... ***'know thyself, and to thine own self be true...'*** how was this to be genuinely allowed to have it's way? So, people left me alone, when I wanted to be

alone. *But, this was some solitude.* I looked, then, and found that there was nothing substantive to me whatsoever... at the outset, I lacked a coherent art path... *my efforts were haphazard, and my findings were inn conclusive.* So, any relationships in my life, weren't worth much, artistically, for I had nothing to offer, there for a while.

I was just an alcoholic, and had an undeveloped mind... I knew no literary ideals of mine own... *I had, in the middle and late nineties, to gradually begin developing my writer's mind.* And it was slow. But, my spirit proffered me the sigh kick automatism... so I got a good

enthusiastic start unto a go at my own literature... *but, I had to get the pain, and anguish, and the addictions of inebriants out of my life....* only then, would I find the stability I needed, to write with my grown up voice. *So, the good literary voice you find here, only came after my self medicating, and drunken ways had run their course.* At any rate. We're having a

beautiful cool and sunny, and breezy Sunday morning. I'm through this writing trying to take this part cee part two audio book unto it's next logical development.

Part of me, too, just wants to stay with what I've got, and smell the roses. But, my

ideas are so good, today, that I'd better get them down on paper. You might've thought you knew everything about a subject, only to find there was only a leaf's difference between you two, but it held you back all the while, from what might have been full artistic communion, you with the other.

Only he or she barely ever even scratched the surface. If you ask me, having a thriving, flourishing arts career is among the most desirable outcomes. *But some people see a great deal more, in the ordinary coo coos nest, as it is.* Ask them anything... *they'll be infinite joy in just their being!* No where to go, or arrive at at

all. So, you won't necessarily have a
workable, useful answer... *you just
probably think that you're a know it all...
when the truth is, you're not that smart.* At
any rate, it sometimes might be hard for a
reader to know quite what I'm talking
about... But, to me, today, as many days
are, is just, a real thinking time, or
brainstorming, for a real recovery path.
The devil has played his cards, already...
*now he only plays in the universal
language of jazz.* My own ecology is
somewhat based around the ways of my
own silence. *If my friend is more talkative,
then I shouldn't blame him for that, he's*

just different from me. My writing is how I talk outwardly. *And it's based around the ways of a recovery, and of a returning... not around leaving the light.* Well, these ideas have slowed a bit. I wonder how I am going to keep my thoughts, whether inwardly or onto a page. *I guess, I am as I do.* At any rate, I hope I haven't spoken too freely in this audio book series... as there will always be thoughts 'not worth thinking.' But, by the same token, for instance, I'll never understand much what it's like being female. A female might not know much what it's like being male, either. *So, it is best to be conservative in*

*how we judge one another. I've found, how
when you've traveled some, you realize
mostly, how most people in the world just
want to be left alone. So, if you ask me, in
the fine art of leaving others alone, you
should try to be proficient. This might be
the only way in which others can be really
reached. Just some thoughts. Having such
a home life environs, anyone might should
be seen as resultant of such good, or bad.*

If only he or she could remember, how,
*'Most people in the world just want to be
left alone.'* Most people don't want my
company, at all. They're trying mighty
hard to bring out a victory, and 'don't want

any part of me, or my games, or my jive.' I for one definitely know, *that in most cases, if someone would just leave me alone, then that would be everything.* So, this is why I

am writing in this way. Just to have my own verses, to put them out there, and be a step stone along the Master's path, is plenty

sufficient for me. So often, I think my unconscious, or sub conscious mannerisms,

my laughter, off to myself, for instance, gets upon the nerves of others in my group,

and results in them getting inquisitive, competitive, and sometimes oh vert. We all

have unconscious mannerisms... ways in which our usual patterns sometimes wear

upon others' patience, or forbearance. At any rate, just some thoughts. We, here are winding down the 'useless labors' of another day. It helps one to have perspective, and to remember to 'tuck in,' and put to rest one day, before beginning another. *Just how have you used your time, today? How has your light shone?* I think, that in the Creator's eye, both our works, and our words are important in the larger sense... this is apparent, from the importance in which having good memory plays, in the Eternal sense. There are memories, and records under lying all life, and society... *every act, deed, even many*

thoughts are kept within the Akashic records... God's infinite, loving presence assures us of this truth. (In case you thought that crime or wrongdoing will pay, or that your perspective has been overlooked, or that injustice can keep on forever. *I believe, that anything good we do, can matter in the Universal sense, and the Good Lord remembers our Good.* In many ways, our lives are 'built up upon our positive prayers,' for the common good... *as, one day, these thoughts may be all we'll have, and may, in fact, form the literal reality in which we live.*) At any rate, I'll bring this thinking and writing to a

conclusion, and add this article in with the others. All for now, Greg.

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As I sit, this morning, and peer into the screen of this word processor, to see if any ideas are 'on the surface,' my mind is blessed by the good work I managed to get down onto paper, yesterday. *Only if all of my writing was as good as that was, then I'd probably be a more popular writer.* Part of what I was writing about, was this

borderline kind of place, where so many
tarry, and linger in the days of inebriants,
and quick fixes. This was me, for
instance... for ten years I had to make do,
with substances in order to 'open my mind,'
*into what I thought was the way I was
supposed to feel.* But I was allowed in
eventually. Maybe it was just the 'journey
of art,' as this alone is just an enormous
undertaking. How can an everyday person,
college drop out, alcoholic habituator come
into a real art of the spiritual? *Isn't this the
secular corollary, to the Christian
spiritual development path, or Buddhist
path of right living, which leads one into*

enlightenment? My journey was every bit as real as this writing describes. The reason that I am writing in this manner, is to show my reader, this little tiny nuance built into ordinary life, as I can see it.

Having come into consciousness of the tiny, the small, how can one continue into consciousness of the expansive, the vast?

For many this transition is centered around the practice, and journey of art. Most of us came into full fledged consciousness only as an adult, and so whatever focus and direction our lives had was intertwined in with the craft, or work which that mind does, for the greater society. I believe that

*if i will listen and heed the artistic impetus,
I can find and gain entrance, into the
highest eschelons of modern
consciousness...* the modern artist intersects
his culture at any strata. This ascession
might be ahead, for you... and you only
need to locate the specific art, around
which the upward moving in centered... for
both to be manifested, *and for the
advanced artistic ascendent to come into
his own.* But, these are just some thoughts.
We all have them from time to time. And
sometimes they're something of a jaunty,
bumpity path to get down, on media. But,
one accomplishes this nevertheless, and

continues his or her courses onward.

(Sometimes I have to kind of 'comb my sides down,' because the 'lateral sclerma,' at this juncture has me in a pinch.) But,

with this seen to, I continue my steady machinations. Yes, I hear, sometimes the voice of someone from my families' past history, coming through as I'm writing...

this will usually be a stronger mind, or source, just off to my right or left, which suffices as the motive force for getting ideas down. This is described as the art of

allowing the 'copilot,' to fly the plane.

You've heard the expression, '*God is my copilot.*' At any rate, it becomes easier to

answer to the need for engrossing, contemporary literature, when one has such spiritual assistance, to the task of writing. *The late, great John E. Mack described the extra terrestrial phenomena as a kind of 'outreach program from the heavens, for the spiritually impaired.'* This works well, with this type of thing... as one comes to believe that he is better off, his work is much more complete with this external impetus, to the creative spark. *'One, alone, sits and accomplishes nothing... Two, together can simply harness the creative potential of the universe, the latency within every new moment.'* At any rate, I can see,

how everything within this writing fits into the category of, 'The types of things I will say,' and so such meets my own criteria, for my new literature. If this particular writing strays from this good and well path, then I'll instinct ually know to bring it back.

(Or perhaps, the presence off to the left, is who edits and meters the voice from off to the right... and this comprises my 'Checks and Balances,' this morning.) And, writing is somewhat different every day. *One day such might be reminiscent of more formative times, another day, such writing is more in the normal ranges.* The writer himself keeps himself posted, as to how his

course in writing is developing... *certain times of depth and primacy recollect memories, which he might rather avoid altogether.* So, he tells himself, to 'Keep it in the usual ranges, or don't write it at all.'

Things of this nature enter into a writer's consciousness when he is partnering or receives assistance from somewhere in his or her past lineage, or higher mind. *We're often held back by our fears of success... when this is exactly what you should find, this success.* Well, I'll go see what's for a snack, in the other room. *'Even a proud person, is made humble, as he or she finds the devil of imperfection in his own work...'*

so I'll always try to remedy these sorts of things, and get back in the clear. With this accomplished, this morning, I get back unto the usual business of composition, and see what I can see. *As a child, I inherited my Great Grandmoms grand piano, and my Mom and Dad thought enough of myself to start me in piano lessons around my age of seven.* The lessons I was given started simple, and included both music theory, as well as exercises to entrain the hands.

Learning scales, and the most basic and popular chord progressions... much of this training I today take for granted, and I just have a hard time realizing how much I can

do, which was given by these piano teachers. My teachers, I think charged my parents about fifteen dollars a lesson. *So, today, it isn't much for me to put on a show of new recordings...* this is just something I was taught how to do... like swimming, or riding a bike. I tell you this, so that you don't make the assumption that I'm some kind of self taught piano genius, because I'm not... I grew up going to teachers' houses for lessons once a week... coming back home, and all week long, trying to practice the lessons I was given, to be able to do them by the next week. I loved winning the approval of my teachers, who

were all female, *this gender attraction can move mountains*. So I learned the piano. When I started into self publishing, I loved coming up with nifty titles for each recording... but soon, within three years of this, I rejected the notion of attaching linguistic symbols to individual pieces... *still today, this seems like a 'cruel and unusual' form of punishment... so I don't do it*. I just come up with a title for each album collection... the pieces are just given generalistic labels, like piece one through piece ten. Well, at any rate, those are really the first two things about my piano playing which come to mind, this morning.

It's a sunny, and hot Tuesday in the second half of September, this year, and, as soon as I get along with this writing, and find further direction, I'm going to try and make a few more nature video clips, with the ambition to make a video for Autumn.

These will make nice Christmas gifts for younger relatives, and older, too. I'm glad to offer these ideas, as these words will help me remember the ordinary flowing here this morning. I'm pretty impressed with this beautiful, powerful singer's recording from a recent music festival, *and this alone proffers so much information about myself... my nation has raised up all*

of these performance artists, and this is therefore crucial listening. A lot to listen unto, for just very little cost. So, I've got plenty to keep me busy. Recordings such as these can be listened to while doing other tasks, like this writing process.

Anyway, I've seen how, If the Earths rotational orbits around the sun are getting more eccentric, then that's one thing, for sure. But I think our policy these days is to maintain our image as concientious conservationists who try and make sure that as many people as possible are worried about climate change happening today. So, I'm not as quick to criticize...

because, that's not the idea, isn't it? *We're all influencers, and if we don't make sustainability the objective now, then our influence is wasted.* Shouldn't such be the objective in every business deal? I think that this is the idea. But, I have a paranoid mind, and it's always making miss assumptions. So I'm already on the case, I'm just hoping to dispel my own doubts... I need stability, and don't always find it. But at any rate, *I can easily use my mind and form inferences, and deductively arrive upon the best answer.* So, it's pretty clear, that our nation is leading the world, in terms of climate conscience role modelling.

But, there has never been a time when there is so much digital equity going onto the internet daily... local, regional, and national broadcast programming for instance, I think is such a complexity, daily growing larger. This virtual matter, I think, is a heaviness, perceived as up above... it's no wonder we feel the burning sunn to be hotter... *Whether it really is or not looks to be somewhat subjective.* I do just miss the days when things were clearer, and more things could be taken for granted. *But I also am pleased to have my own online media.* Anyway this is how it appears to be, to me. This is my question... Whether this

popular science of today can be trusted to tell us the facts, *or if it's mainly trying to foster conscientious consumers, for the long run, which might be something slightly different.* Well I'm running somewhat short of words, so I'm thinking, lately of how the lion's share of my life's work is already expressed, and placed on the internet... so I'm trying to tell myself to relax, and to just be grateful for what is, already. *So you won't find me getting overly worked up over trivial matters.* So maybe I've found my way, by now, and can get along down my page. The morning sunn is beginning to climb into this hazy

Wednesday sky. Tomorrow is the end of summer, and I'm enjoying the cool temperatures already... the meteorologists say this was the hottest summer on record... sensational news stories like that sell more products, this is true, *but also, emphasizing climate change realities makes sustainability the imperative.* Climate change mirrors generational changes, and aging... *unattractiveness, and uselessness.* At any rate, I wish to share, also how not everyone has the same concept about mental illness... some only see the stigma and shame of past actions, and mistakes. But many people have hereditary risk

factors for mental illness and addiction...

do you see, how this might have been a great great uncle, or grand dad, who was a problem drinker? *Hereditary risk involves personalities... it's more than just chromosomes.* Well, I've spoken my peace now, for sure. I'll wrap this writing up and put it in with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

I've recently come to understand, *that listening to audiobooks unlocks the*

childhood propensity to keep turning page after page... right through a classic. And I had come to believe that the classics were mostly inaccessible to me, because of my ocular migraines. So, I hope these words will reach willing ears. For myself, as a child, the wonder of books were my constant companion... *audiobooks recreate this effect.* At any rate, when my writing progress slows to a standstill, I can sometimes use jazzy, rhythmic methods to kind of roll start some thinking. *A writer looks for the substantive upwelling.* So this writing program has gone farther this way than it would have otherwise. Throughout

my process I've used 'bold brush strokes' to generate forward momentum. This way can be effective to move a writing along. For example, to generate a conclusion to this part two of this twenty twenty three part C audiobook, I'll use some impressions of what I've come to believe are some Qualities of types of activities. *Probably the greatest Quality experience, for myself is this medium istic type of writing, itself.* *If you believe it, then write it.* Looking within, through this method, *unto a higher accessional being*, I can see how, once someone is willing, to write, then the writer becomes able, to write. There's nothing

quite like getting down these upwellings of substantive thought, like this. But this is just the thing, you look for... hands resting on a word processor keyboard, receptively awaiting any glimmer of assistance... *when such appears, you want to let it flow.* And, it will, if things are in order. So, this is why it's important to teach keyboarding, in elementary school... so that by the time a person is grown, they'll have the ability to get thoughts down almost at the speed of thought, itself. *Another Quality activity will be the finding of a mode to live record yourself playing a musical instrument.*

Recordings of this nature are highly sought

after by listeners, who want engrossing instrumental music. Gradually learning the kinds of playing, which you most like listening back unto, you'll focus in on a set of abilities, *which, once they're acquired, will stay with you.* A writer or musician awaits the moment of inspiration... *this is the main way of getting past a block, this of coaxing thought forth.* You can try opening an encyclopedia to a random page, and then letting this then spark off to some ideas. *But, it will be the voice, which is larger than you yourself are,* which appears to flow from within, or from off to one side... once a voice comes to be trusted,

and it becomes clear that his or her intention is to be of assist, *then you will only have to push past the occasional primitive expression, to get to the more inspired thought.* All of my audio books have been written through this 'higher accessional' modality. *In other words, only through letting the 'copilot' have the reins, can the awakened thought come forth.* My own efforts are miniscule by comparison. *But, you have to use your common sense, to carefully tease apart, that which reads well, and makes sense, from that which should not be written.* Unless a writer is using his intellect, to filter, and walk back,

the primitive expressions, as they come out, *then this method won't work, and you'll be led down false paths.* Well, I've just tried to be as honest as possible, in completing part two of this. This writing is not by me myself, alone, but by the one who is within myself, with my assistance. Well, these have been a few thoughts. I'll bring this writing to a conclusion, and send it your way now. Greg.

~

THIS MORNING, I TOLD MYSELF
something you might would hear in a
church setting... *'Don't worship mortal
men... worship only the principles of
healthy creativity and wholeness within
your own life.'* 'Although the darkness
seems to grow around us, at times, it never
will defeat the Light.' (In our lives,) This is
the paraphrase of a song, which speaks of
the simple values, and truths that come,
when we celebrate the pairing of Spirit and
matter... for it's from out of this do odd that
all manner of good fortune flows, and
increases... *if we'll just nurture the light,
and give it time to take effect, and grow.*

Wisdom like this is freely accessible, from the abundancy and fullness within. My mind shows me no end of darkness, and twisted wicked paths, *sometimes, but only until the clouds disperse, and the sun comes through.* I guess, that this is the heart of whatever good I myself can do... this truth of always coming through the dark narrow way, back out into the light, and abundant verdant openness. *At any rate, you can see some of the first thoughts that arise as I sit at this word processor...* this morning just after my shower was complete, and other chores... without letting a lot of junk get in between me and

the Lord... *junk like the commercial television, and radio.* Other than the incandescent light bulb, the radio and television were the two most popular advancements of the twentieth century. But, even though this may be true, I think that, for many people, the television often spoils the simple purity of what could be more *like a quiet walk through the dewey garden alone in the early morning sunlight.*

I myself definitely have to keep daily commercial media at a distance. *This is why I make my own video programs, and stay in them most of the time.* Most mornings, I just wouldn't wish to let that

commerciality spoil, or corrupt the beauty of my new morning, any day. *There is so much more within just a solitary session at the word processor, accompanied by my own piano music.* Well, these are just some thoughts, through which to begin this new part three, of this part C audiobook, of my twenty twenty three writing this year.

Doesn't this give you some orientation?

And perspective? Don't you wonder why I'm not hooked on television and radio, like everyone else? (In my teenage years I was, though.) At any rate. Now that I look back in circumspect, I have to say, that for many of my years on Earth, I just wasn't

spiritually conscious, at all... *I'm pretty sure, that if I had been privy, to this higher ascended world, I wouldn't have been so quick to go down reckless, or corrupt paths.* Spirit consciousness puts everything else into perspective... there's really no other way to say it. And, the truth is that there will always be one who is at the threshold, of this sentience, but who feels he must take this substance, or do that trick, to open his or her mind... *this, and yet he feels like he just wants to be alone with his thoughts.* This was myself for a full decade of my life... I had no shame... the only thing that mattered to me, other

than staying out of prison, was self
medicating my irritability, and intoxicating
my agitation. At any rate, I sit outside
afore the fence where the tall grasses and
weeds begin. They're truly splendid... *the
profuse goldenrods swaying in the middle
morning's sunn.* It is only three more days
after today, until the month of October
begins. I'll never forget, last winter, how
the coldest and most snowy weather of the
year was right at Christmas time... the
frigid single digit temps and howling north
winds zapped us, right at our most tender
holiday, celebrating the virgin birth. *It
seems like,, the weather gets trickier the*

*more ones internal exposure appears to
enlarge... I always feel at my smallest, and
most vulnerable, when everybody's looking
at me. At any rate, I think it will always be
the case, that some kinds of music, like my
own from nineteen ninety nine and two
thousand, always brings back bad
memories, (no matter how I try and look at
it in a positive light.) I would have to
suspend all judgment, and criticism in my
mind, to appreciate it evenly, because of its
dark and dreary overtones. Still, an other
might walk right up, and want to say, 'I
love how the dark chordings fit my
melancholy mood.'* You never know, what

life period, or season, or age will visit your
progressive piano... whether young, and
strong, or old, and shaky... as a young man
I liked the moody music, *and sought the
imagery of darkness... right along with the
light.* An optical victrola, if it's playing
smoothly, can make most any music sound
great... while the chip and tabulator type of
music lacks the special anonymity and
timelessness that lets me enjoy
some types of private music... growing up,
I liked vinyl records, and especially I
would make tapes of my vinyl records, to
play them back in my car stereo. But, our
microelectronics today are a thrill beyond

comparison for those of us who grew up before technology was so ubiquitous... one

might would miss the private music experience, we used to relish in... records, and tapes were all we had. How true. But

one thing that hasn't changed much is nature's ways... *if there is nature nearby, you can be reasonably sure that it behaves*

today like it always has. Isn't that interesting? Earth is a planet where carbon and water and sunlight are right enough to allow life like we have... like ourselves.

Just teach 'respect for all life... especially human!' And maybe we'll have many years to go yet. If we'll remember that we're all

formed in Gods likeness, *and should try to be that way- Godly.* As youth, we should be spirited. As young adults, we should seek to find spirit, and as maturity, we should learn to let spiritual principles work through ourselves, and be led solely by Spirit, in doing God's will. Well, when everything depends on my ability to quickly spot errors, *I think we should immerse ourselves in and set store by the best work of our heart, and hands.* The walking seems difficult, the trail steep and rugged, and the elements haven't cooperated all morning. But our way couldn't be any more difficult than was the

Savior's carrying the cross, who gave His life so that we might through Him live. *On*

the guided intellect: Your 'trusted familiar,' will have seen both sides of life. You'd think, that making miracles would be simpler... just 'yes,' and 'no,' and 'no.' But

in reality, the real life experience is somewhat chaotic, for the tender heart.

Good rest is sometimes hard to find, but you can if you try. For instance, when I experience sleeplessness, at night, I do twenty or thirty sit ups at the foot of my bed... *this cardio work out is the best way I know to put the devil on the run.* So I do this. Well, we're looking forward to a bite

to eat, and the rest of the evening, so I'll try
and wrap this writing up and send along
your way now. Have a good weekend. All
for now, Greg.

~

'The eyes are the windows to the soul.'

'The heart is as a mirror.'

*If you're like me, you have a strong inner
soul, and visualization is your strong suite.*

When I was eighteen, or nineteen, I began

practicing inner visualization, in earnest.

Even at that young age, I knew, that the path of inner light, and inner visualization would eventually lead me into full understanding and good experience of my own inner heart. The inner light path, began for myself, around this age, *with the simple realization, that there are large symbol concepts, themes of a sort, which stand for whole families of phenomena.* I knew from reading Joseph Campbell that these are the Archetypes, and represent not just objects, or things, but fields, and families of consciousness, families of beings. **Thusly, is the inner world**

somewhat organized... behind, so to speak, these Archetypes. Introduction into this concept *is also introduction into one's immortal soul...* the Heart is as a mirror, and reflects what is without... and what is within. The soul, has something like, a 'subtle neuro musculature,' which one definitely learns to be receptive unto, *and to interact with... it has a character which changes like the weather.* But, I've learned how this subtle neuro musculature has fixed points, like bouys, in a harbor. For instance, I've learned that I can change my focus latitude... *I can see from the pelvis perspective, for instance.* Imagining

I'm at the hip level, *I with practice can sense the vast mobility which my two hip joints afford myself.* I can convey myself at will, on my own two feet. Other visualizations can be done at higher energy centers, *especially, lateral pressures at the speech center can be manipulated through shimmying the shoulders in various ways.*

At any rate, it might be helpful to you to hear of some of my visualization exercises.

Because, developing the relationship with one's own inner spirit, and soul, and especially learning this inner visualization fluency... *this is like the 'underlying theme,' of becoming more like human*

nature... this getting to know of your inner energy centers... where inner visions develop easier, and where it can be important, even necessary to learn to envision better realities, as puzzling and convoluted as this may seem. There has been, for myself, a lot of inner journey work. *For myself... I've gotten a lot more fluent, in seeing, and allowing the inner visions, found along all of the inner neural centers of subtle musculature.* This is not muscles, as you would commonly think, like you can flex, and work... the internal vision pallette so to speak, might just be comprised of your skin sub derma, or even

of your inner lymphatic and adipose fat...

not where you would imagine having muscles at all, but nevertheless this tissue, for myself works as a visualization mirror...

like a divination crystal. At any rate, when

I was seventeen or eighteen, I was in such

pain... *because this visualization pallas*

wasn't initiated... but instead dormant... I

had just never looked into it... *it was all a*

mystery. So, the changes of each new day

grated against my skin surfaces, like iron

against concrete. *I had to initiate my*

relationship with my own soul. Good

literature was vital for this to begin...

literature *which could be accessed and*

recollected as the inner relationships began to develop. I had to start it up, from within... eventually, with spirit as my constant guide. So, you see, how my mind was such a puzzle. The being who I was somewhat needed a sacrament, as well, I thought, which would amplify the inner light, and show me what I would later learn thoroughly how to recreate, just by following my sixth sense, and moving along the energy centers, to the lower, and the upper, only as I am led to see, ***and as Joseph Campbell had written, to 'Follow my bliss.'*** At any rate, people who live in group, boarding and foster homes, usually

will have their own individual causes, and reasons for doing so. (There's a concept known as a local 'catchment' which somewhat determines to which home a person would be placed in. A lot of oversight, a whole lot, is measured out, by the good ethical professional social workers, councilors, therapists, psychologists, and psychiatrists who make up the local catchment team. These people, are just right for their individual jobs, of helping rehabilitate, counsel, and sometimes reintegrate people back into their independent lives.) *This is an important concept.* As a twenty nine year

old, in year nineteen ninety nine, I was in an independent living arrangement, with a roommate, *and I thought I needed an apartment of my own, and to be a solitary resident of my own apartment.* Of course, it's easy to see, in hindsight, that I should have stayed in the group home, or at least, with the roommate. *But, my artistic forays and sojourns put me back into a hermit's life.* I just didn't get it... *'People need people.'* So, the group, or foster home I'm in now, I know beyond doubt, is a good place to live, and to continue with the inner visualization type of path, which seems, in conjunction with a craft type avocation,

like playing piano, or sketching, or writing,

to lead to the deepening of one's

understanding of his or her own inner

heart. Throughout these twenty five years

or so, in this mental health system, the

inner visualizations which a life like mine

develops, are a kind of mirror, reflecting

the greater world, and the inner, and I'm

quite proud of the tips, and pointers, and

other ideas and concepts which this writer's

path uncovers. *And, importantly, this is a*

sober path... only a small amount of

nicotine and caffeine is allowed for myself.

At any rate, the soul is a mirror to it's

world. Within this palatte of visualization

I am given room to choose, and
importantly to discern my own way. You
see? If you have really found your way,
and wish to stay, then you can call yourself
'on the inside track.' You don't have to
pretend that you're someone else... just
follow your happiness. Immerse yourself
in what makes you happy... even if it's just
putting one thought at a time into your
keypad... if that feels good then so be it.
I'm telling myself, how, 'mercy is sweet this
morning...' To the exclusion of other ideas.
Maybe, *'I hope you're not alone,'* Because
nearly all of the good light I'm finding this
morning is from those around me... *my*

trusted familiar, while she comes close to the warmth of family... but more as a writer's aid, as a means to building literature, in the here and now... wouldn't want to go without this writing, in my memory of her. But we're as a group here, in this home. That's the main thing. So let me be simple and receive these blessings.

Well, today's a Friday, the last one in September this year. The skies are hazy, and it's breezy. The temperature is now at the low eighties, where it's expected to remain through the middle of next week. *I'm inside, sitting on my bed, and thinking how blessed we are to have one another's*

company... I try to imagine the different internal sources for the pleasant mood, and attitudes I'm enjoying presently... the day to day structure, *especially the savory hot meals, at the common table, this more than anything keeps our good sense of normalcy somewhat maintained.* After each meal, we're given any medicines we are prescribed, and this is done by the manager, in an orderly manner, keeping up with each residents' daily medicines, three or four times a day. Chores, hi jean, medicines, and meals make up each day, *and it wouldn't be right if one of these four was off.* So, our system keeps on keeping

on. *A system according to Oxford Language, is a set of principles or procedures according to which something is done; an organized framework or method. A set of things working together as parts of a mechanism or an interconnecting network.* This specifically is a group home system, *kept up to house and feed disabled peoples, who receive disability income.* So, now you know. At any rate, inside this house is climate controlled, so the inside temperature is comfortable. Between inside the house, and outside under the trees, I find a happy blend of human and nature. Well, this has

been a day of writing, and as I'm nearing the four oh clock hour, *I'm thinking about our dinner, and of coasting into a good nights rest.* Well, I'll wrap this writing up, and send it along your way, now. All for now, Greg.

~

The thoughts of the recent few days have been many, but I have resisted writing them out, just because I wanted to vegetate for a time... *in simply hanging out, and not*

working on anything in particular, I got in touch, somewhat, with my feelings. I myself definitely am at my best when I am busy, and the aimless drifting just can't compare. How many of my contemporaries would love to have just some of this sense of purpose, and meaning... but they are held back by an unwilling spirit? While I'm not a licensed councillor, I can see, if I think about it, how if we would teach a way of dwelling around, and working with the spirit world... you see, one needn't be genetically related... maybe this would allow for the developing of a strong relationship, with the thought of another...

as meaningful spiritual relationships can be so important. How many families will be insightful enough to give family albums, and photographs from the families past, to their aspiring youth? This is spiritual writing, *wherein the higher ascended presences somewhat lead the way, and 'direct the orchestra,' so to speak.* But this requires nuanced receptivity for the medium. As I am writing this right now, a higher spirit guide to my right appears to be leading, *while a being within my solar plexus seems to form a definite support, and direction to the writing.* I've noted before how writing is like a round table

discussion, with the conversation being passed around the group, from sage to sage, as the writing moves down the page. I guess this is the same thing. At any rate, the emptiness of just 'hanging out,' I feel has reminded me again, of the world's main troubles... *without purpose and direction, some people become susceptible to moodiness, and bad feelings.* I think you'd want to return to the love of writing, of getting thoughts down, in real time, if you knew just how much fun this type of thing is. I think, that many people just have resigned themselves somewhat to being onlookers... the heights of energetic

feelings, or emotions, *are generally inaccessible, without a 'little helper,' in the form of a pill or a drink.* Well, as these thoughts are going onto this word processor page, I recognize again the type of work this is... this of rolling a large stone up a hill, *until in getting over the hump, you allow momentum and gravity to take over.*

It doesn't take but three days of inactivity, for a writer to get somewhat out of shape, mentally, and he or she will really have the sense of how hard this constant pushing is. *But, this is what our higher accessional spirit guides are for... as only they possess the focus of will, and intention*

necessary to move a writing along. This will be something of a mystery to those who don't feel called, or led to write... *he or she will be awed at the size and variety of the writer's creations.* I myself, for three days or so, have given myself a taste of the aimless wandering, kind of times... I listened back to my earlier work, from 2022, and wished, in my heart, to replicate, and repeat such good results. God somewhat answers prayers... this is an important principle to remember. *If I have the desire to create, and build, spirit will make a way for it, within my heart and mind.* This desire is the key. There might

be two main modalities for a person to inhabit... the active, and the passive... *each has its good and bad qualities.* I myself like the rewards of work, because my good health, and youth make such a much more realistic prospect. *But another might like the perspective which the passive state affords.* This passive state, for myself, though, usually means migraines... and I can usually handle them better, if I will get into some way, craft or practice. *At any rate, I seem to like to have equity to show for the time passed. This is really the deciding factor.* The need to vegetate or enjoy the passive state is met for myself,

with small naps, in between short bursts of creativity... *this is usually an incremental developing, writing coming along only gradually.* At any rate, getting myself back into a writing program, is the way to keep my mind sharp and focused... I would imagine, that such mental exercise is highly beneficial for my overall health and well being, as well... and I've enjoyed this good health since I beat cancer back in twenty seventeen. At any rate, our skies this morning are partly cloudy, and hazy, with a fifty percent chance of rain tonight and tomorrow. Our temperatures are right around seventy this morning, so perfect

weather if you want to get outside. *I think our area is somewhat in drought conditions, so any rain tonight or tomorrow would be beneficial.* I sit here, inputting this text into this word processor with this blue tooth keyboard, and thinking of this audio book, and this third part thereof. *I tell myself, that I should wait until I have really good ideas on hand, before trying to write.* But, to start a momentum, sometimes through a kind of thought jazz, I can sometimes bring thought forth. *At any rate, I'm finding the work of this new essay is as heavy as I've felt in a while.* Our skies are expected to

get chilly, in a day or two, and night time temps should be in the middle thirties. As we're nearing the end of the first full week in October, this comes as no surprise. In fact, we're used to finding our first frost around Halloween each season.

Well, anyway. Here's what I've found. The realm of mental phenomena, also known as the spirit world, *and many other names such as the astral plane, or the etheric plane... some have even offered that this is the Afterlife...* is a very tucked away and hidden type of land to see into. Those who do see into this, are in many ways on their own... *the books a person has read, are the*

priciest treasury, especially if there's been reading comprehension. But, this recollect ability is the main way in which somewhat solitary people like me can glean, and garner insights and ethics, into this unseen land. I know, that down through the years, I have made a few mistakes, in my spiritual ethics, and have been blamed back for, for instance, miss handling the matter of light itself, *and especially in concerning just what is to remain hidden.* So, I'm always learning. It seems to me, how each unique time is different, and so is the writer's unique treatment of the occult, different. Well, you get the idea... it's just that, miss

steps herein are hard to get past. But, I figure, this is what I do in this writing presently. *I would say, for myself, just not referring to a spirit, as singular, but rather unto the 'choir invisible,' as a manifold presence... a unison... this way will tend to keep a person in the clear, as far as that goes.* So you see? This way somewhat precludes issues of this nature. Especially I'm a devoted adherent to the philosophy which says, 'Song files, digital tracks especially, should usually be given formulary titles only... only rarely will I title a song, in particular, but only as a host of selfsame titles in an album, with one

through ten, or A through J, for instance,
used as suffix throughout as the only
identifier.' *Well you get the idea. Such are
the ways of an orthodox spiritualist, in
other words, a mystic. I'm superstitious as
well, and so some things, I won't do... so
consider lessons learned. Well, I'll wrap
this writing up and send along your way
now. All for now, Greg.*

~

As I sit, this evening, to think about some of the ways I'm most grateful, in the life I know today, I think *I'm most glad that I'm not still the smart mouthed little kid anymore.* I was fine, as a child, and had a real honesty, and clarity of mind... but, around my age twelve or thirteen, with the loss of my childhood innocence, I began to lose my sense of natural reverence, and wonder. I began going into the medicine cabinet, to solve my matters of the heart... *the simple bad moods, and resentments I had, at things so often just not going my way, (although I was too young to see this, consciously) drove me to seek solace in an*

opiating type of medicine... and let me tell you, how my scathing self criticism, which developed during this time, became... an outwardly directed bitter sarcasm, *towards anyone who I thought had a game better than mine!* My tung was so wicked, only I didn't grasp at the time, the criticism was for my own self, which I felt at the time...

my self medicating and social diss honesty... pretending to a peace I didn't have, or to a buddah like diss passionate circumspection. Of course, you could argue, that I'm guilty of this still today, and my psychiatric medicines, prescribed by my doctor, only lend unto my being glib, or

trite with weighty matters, or trivializing the enormity of "Biblical Truth," *and, to you, I'd like to offer apology. 'If I've trodd upon anyone's carefully cultivated garden, or stepped on anyone's dancing slippers, I'll do better next time. I promise.'* There's nothing quite like 'yarn spinning,' and 'storytelling,' itself may be like the best panacea, for a world gone wrong. But, when something does go badly wrong, it's just only a form of 'yarn splitting,' or 'mincing words' which can save it then. I don't actually know... *I just would hope to convey, how, the rigidity of some ways just shrinks in comparison to the vibrant witt of*

a seasoned storyteller... in the event of an earthquake, you would want to be in the most flexible structure possible... the "Eternal Truths," of the Bible, of course are an intellectual, and spiritual equity... *although the Heaven and Earth should shake, they'll remain 'True,' or so I'm told.*

These "Truths," are like the earliest progenitors of the sophisticated, yet simple and clear logic of the well written interactive software... *just like any you'll use anywhere in the Internet today.* This Internet is like the outward flower of the sum of ancient scripture, be it of any nationality, or ethnicity... such advanced

thinking as in a well developed software, is like the direct ascendant from the great classics, and Scriptures which the world 'went by,' for millennia... only this for an more functional, contemporary purpose of almost limitless dimensionality... *namely, for storing and easily accessing the entire written and preserved cannon, the written heritage of mankind...* the logical development of our electric current technology might be likened unto a ring of light completely encircling the Earth! And, I'm thinking these thoughts, and pondering, how, I might never have all the answers which the world might ask of one such as

myself... *What is a millennium? What is a mill in the first place? A lathe? For grinding the flower, and corn meal of heaven?* I for one might have solved my puzzles fully well to allow myself entrance into the presence of the Good Folk, but like it or not, *there will be troubles of an finite nature, which put me through my paces on any given day, same as there ever have been, even in the most primitive formative fermentations of the Underworld.* If one such as myself thinks that I can just omit the world's troubles, or that they can't possibly happen again, given the Heaven's miraculous rainbow... *then, I suppose there*

is a particular way for this. On this side of the Universe, the awoken and transformed side, the pains of societal change get pretty sharp... *and I'm not completely immune from them.* Let's just say, that I'm definitely feeling my disability these days... I'm doing the proverbial 'burning of the candle at both ends.' 'Burning of the midnight oil,' is the only clear answer for troubles of this nature... there's nothing to it but to do it. Of course, this translates into a fairly prolific written output, and maybe it would be better to minimize... *so I don't always see the logic, in pushing onward, as the hours get late.* Anyway,

today is a partly cloudy, cool and breezy Friday morning, Friday the thirteenth of October, this year, with a fifty percent chance of rain for later in the day. *I'm looking forward to filling out and finishing this article, and adding it in with the others.* It's something to do. If my mind spots a logical gaffee, in my writing, I sometimes have to go to lengths, to just clear my conscience of the matter... effectively setting it right, in my own eyesight. *My reader, on the other hand, might be left wondering what I am talking about at such length.* Of course, it's always the 'weighty matter,' which gets my rankles

up, and *drives me to look at such a thing from every angle, and decide on the best ways in which it should be seen, and dealt with in the future.* This, of course, is the

work of boardroom meetings, and administrative oversight of any kind, which happens from day to day, in any real institution, or establishment, organization, or enterprise. At any rate, I sit on this bed, and inputting these ideas presently. We'll get our morning soft drinks, and can then get our showers, and get along into the day. *Well I hope I've shown my reader how the thoughts in my mind might progress, any given day.* If you've got a problem, then do

all that you can, to solve and make it work out. Even the most tangled weaving can be smoothed out, if you try, and are persistent. At any rate, all for now, I'll send this article along your way now. Greg.

~

As I sit this afternoon, to try to put a few thoughts down into this smart device's word processor, I'm amazed at how these waves are coming over the sides of my vessel, and at how powerful the whipping

wends are, to my left and my right. *I would say, that the journey this morning has been among the most tossed of any I've ever found.* But the work had to be done... Now, as I sit in this outdoor shack, to try and write, I'm impressed at how bad the cognitive dissonance still is... I've never heard resistive noises as bad as I am now hearing them... just outside my ears. I myself feel fine, however, and am looking forward to filling out this article, and to having a cold cola in about an hour. I can pretty much tell, that the resistance to this new writing start is enormous, but my enthusiasm is entirely unaffected... *I was*

created to work upon and complete this task, now, and need only the space of time in which to do so. At any rate, resistance, to a writing is a sort of proof, of that writing's importance... one need only to keep leaning into it to allow it to complete itself. Through 'walking back the primitive,' I in time find my way unto the writing's end. At any rate, this audio book chapter is pretty amazing, already... and I would say that it's more densely populated with good ideas than most of my chapters are. This is some encouragement to keep it up. Yesterday, I read someone online talking about, how we can never change the

past... it is immutable, and inescapable.

This sounded, to me, like a very superficial remark... *like the person hadn't even begun*

to think, of the ways in which all of past

present and future is one ceaseless

changing whole. It seems to myself, that

our pasts have power over ourselves, only

as we forget our present powers, *and fail to*

change our relationships to those pasts. I

believe that our pasts are one thing, but

we're always allowed to bargain with

Mother Nature for the best possible future

outcomes. *This concept is so important...*

having a past, how can I pay any dues, and

thereby make lemonade from out of the

lemons? Say, our diet of meats, as well as vegetables has put us on the outs with Nature. Rather than being struck with a bout of bad luck, or worse, a heart attack, *how can I petition these spirits to make of me a worthy vessel, for the receiving of mutual blessings, in the future of tomorrow?* The way I see it, I'll be glad to walk a mile in someone else's shoes, and take the life lessons they would convey, *if, in turn, they'll work through my life, to make for myself, say, an important written work, or new musical album.* Does this make any sense to my reader? Until a person comes into consciousness of this

astral, deveachaic plaine of being, which is so connected unto the ground of our own thoughts... he or she might not be able to see the unity of all life, on this planet, or the interconnectedness of our inner lives with the greater world around ourselves.

How bleak, are our prospects for real creative fulfillment, in our lifetimes, if we fail to make this inner connection. So, this is just what some peoples' lives are given unto... this hope, and possibility that, just maybe, there will be sufficient light *to shine, into the deep inner recess... the nook, or cranny, so that the vital connection can be made.* Speaking for

myself, it was only after I had found the companionship, of others like myself, even within my own inner heart of hearts... and this inner communion, that my healthier, more wholistic life could begin... *I was blocked, and kept just outside of bliss, as long as I wasn't allowed into this conversation.* At any rate, coming into this consciousness, then allowed for myself to begin to work, and to change my relationship to my pasts, and to learn to *'dance freely in the etherial realm,'* which had been my greatest unconscious unrealized dream, since my birth. And this took one person brave enough to reach

within, and to initiate the healing journey,
and to go along with myself into hopeful
future. The nature of spirit communion
itself is journey, **and it takes two or more
together to begin to understand the
mysteries of the expanding, billowing
flow of moments across time.** Some
people are pretty easy to understand, others
are more puzzling. Say, if a person were
lodged into a cognitive cubby hole, he or
she might would have a thin flowing of a
kind of communion, *say within a
conversation with a micro scale associate.*
Eventually embracing a craft, or path way,
of arts or media, the small scale

conversation will expand, and come out
into the spaces around the person...
becoming vaster, and vaster, *limited only*
by the constraints of his or her
imagination. This great possibility awaits
within each new moment, where ever
people live and work together. The best I
can hope for, in this writing, other than
getting onto paper the ineffable, or the
abstract, might be to say something of
higher order, in an unintentional manner.
The truths between the lines, can be the
most profound... as this writing is
fabricated through the interaction of two or
more conscious dreaming people, you see,

the higher realms can express themselves
into your sub data... *effectively giving
higher order life a window through which
to shine, or express itself... into your
writing.* Anyway, truths of this nature are
only really possible where ever 'two or
more are gathered together,' in peace and in
love... this saying is still so true. At any
rate, I love writing of this nature, as I have
awoken after midnight, and do have total
privacy, this allows for my ray if fight
thinking to develop... *gestating on a higher
level, or plaine than that which I myself
inhabit.* See? Well, as this writing is
getting along, now, I'm glad to have a few

new ideas... (at least new to me,) and I can now relax, and coast gradually into this articles' completion. Some people will be held up at the boundary, or threshold of real communion... and will never step into the higher dreaming life, in conscious participation with the higher lands, but will remain just outside of real peace, and bliss.

It might be hard for such a soul to understand this sort of 'higher accessional' writing, this of partnering with the higher realms... but I assure you, that when the time arises, you may easily sort out your own mysteries. At any rate, I am thinking these thoughts this early morning, before

any of the others are awake, just enjoying the light flowing of ideas, going onto my page... and nearly without the sense of judging, or being judged... *just allowing the writing to progress on it's own... a heavenly presence, just freely considering the here and now... my here and now... from a timeless place just outside and above the mortal plaine.* Well, this is an early Monday morning, before the others have awoken for the day. I sit writing, and inputting these thoughts... focused entirely on allowing the inner world to, in a constrained, and controlled fashion, get his or her thoughts onto paper... composing

from a place outside and above this material plane. I think, now, that this is kind of like the main reason that I seem to have gone inwardly... for these kinds of heights of communion... and the reason why I seem to often be such a *stranger in a strange land...* because I'm so fully given into the etherial plane, and I seem to have mostly withdrawn from the mortal world.

This makes, for instance, the thought of entraining and teaching a canine friend, for instance, seem more or less impossible, for myself today, because I've gone into the inner worlds, *and have a hard time understanding, or being understood by the*

inhabitants of this mortal land. At any rate, these have been some thoughts. I'll wrap these thoughts up, and add them in with the others, now. I hope you have a pleasant and productive new week, and Hallows eve just ahead. Well, all for now.

Greg.

~

The first thing one notices, upon returning to familiar territory, is that there seems to be an elasticity, and dynamic verve to his

or her thoughts... **'I must be ready to write,' I tell myself, and so get my keyboard, and smart device, and begin this writing.** I think, that if I wish to, I can change the perspective from which I look out upon the world. I mean by this, that I can put my center of consciousness at my forehead, or my speech center, or my solar plexus... *just by thinking, and using my subtle will.* This is a roaming point, of sorts, from which I conduct my inner life. In sitting to write, these thoughts, I hope to somewhat give an assay, of sorts, or an assessment, of the particular mood, or inner temperature, from which I'm experiencing

the world. I've certainly put some nice projects together in my recent few months... *I feel, now, that I can somewhat rest on these laurels, so to speak, and just now tune in and remain receptive.* Because the work is there, and it's good. At any rate, when I think I've gotten over the last and final hurdle, before I can rest, there will always be new hurdles which emerge from the blurred flow of time... *already I can make out two or three just beginning to materialize out in front of me.* This writing is another... I can stick it under my bed, and try to forget about it, but it will tease and taunt me, until I add the next

paragraph, and put it away again. *When my thoughts grow elastic, and dynamic again, I'll reach for it, and put a few more on my empty page.* Well, sitting outside watching the sunset, just now, I can somewhat feel the Autumn brisk air, this start of the last week in October this year.

I'm writing right now so that I'll have a complete part three, to this audio book part cee... a six or seven minute article should about finish it. At any rate, I was thinking about the poor broken paths in our society... the people who have entered into dependence upon alcohol... and who are entirely out of touch with good spiritual

guidance. *These people lack any fine spiritual vision, or discernment... they have become the monsters, which everyone fears, in their own dark inner recesses... and as the dark side, these people must enact, or reenact their own self destruction.* I myself have been through this type of end, twice. Both times, I only survived through the surgeons great skill, and the clean room practices, which prevented such surgery procedure from becoming contaminated with germs, and getting infected. *So, I myself definitely believe in the maxim, 'Cleanliness is next to Godliness.'* Since these two falls were

years ago, I have been rescued, and a benevolent spirit has made of me a model...

I always stay close to spiritual guidance, and am entirely supported, in my ways, by these spirits' considerate positive energies.

Outwardly, I might seem to be a solitary, or detached person... I don't always go by the usual societal standards, and instead restore myself within solitary communion with my inner world. You might wonder how this

could be, and I would tell you... *I've always returned, in my life, to just me and my tools, instruments, and appliances.* I

might attend all of the meetings, and appear to follow the same patterns, but

inside, *I am always looking for the precious opportunity to advance my written works, or add another piano album, or sketching to my portfolio.* If I didn't have instruments and tools, *I would make them myself.* At any rate, I tell you this, so that you will see the difference, between completely spartan, and free... and what I do, which is a course of building, and making... especially as I am led by subtlest spiritual guidance... *and remain watchful for any mistakes, or miss steps, and know how to recover myself from a wrong turn.*

Each days ending somewhat has some circumspect self analysis, so as to square

away the work of the recent weeks, and plan for the future. Those who don't find guidance of this nature, may feel somewhat

left out, or ignored, *but I believe this power is always present, inwardly, if we try, and resolve to make sense of our own quiet lives, through the lenses of our own*

best progenitors. Any family has both good accomplishments, and shortcomings, and while my own people, were simple, and country, when the tools and appliances had

gotten small enough, and affordable enough, for a select son or daughter to make usage of, *their most refined visions, and aspirations found prolific voice, and*

outlet through the descendant. His or her careful receiving of these blessings, and willingness to accept and embrace the necessary changes, and challenges of media development make the path work, *and make it work out for the best.* This has been made clear time and time again. *Most days, I only await for the free time and willingness to begin again.* When the goals and objectives are as sweet as I've been finding this year, there's always going to be a strong willingness, for my own part, to make good things happen, in this way. *So, I try to remain open, in this way.* For myself, all I need, most days is a thin,

diaphrenous connection to this higher land,
this higher force, and these presences...

nothing ouvert. When I get a chance, I
offer my best affirmation, and my gratitude
for these blessings... *because I know what*

*it means to be outside of the grace of
peace, and the alienation this means.* At

any rate, as I get into bed this evening,
there is just this light flowing of ideas, and
I get them down into my word processor as

I am getting ready for sleep. It's been
awhile since I've been so warmly enfolded

into pleasant dreams, as this writing
suggests... I'm hoping to, through this
writing, remember how, even in a solitary

type of path, *it only takes a spark, of warmth, to build upon and reinforce...* with a household of diverse individuals, the peace and quiet sometimes seems '*catch as catch can,*' but once you know, conclusively, from which direction the warmest light is shining, you'll always turn, and return toward it... even when living tends to pull you outward, into confusion, and diss array... *you'll have this strong inward leaning and direction of focus.*

Well, my words are dwindling down, and I'm feeling the calling of this night's sleep, so I'll wrap this article up, and add it in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.

